

THE
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XXX.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR:

M, DCC, LXXIII.

T H O

BRITISH POETS



EDITION OF

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

AND THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

P O E M S

AND

F A B L E S.

BY THE LATE

Mr J O H N G A Y.

VOLUME II.

E D I N B U R G H;

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH;
and J. BALFOUR.

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T A B L E S

BY THE EDITOR



MR. J. O. H. G. A. Y.

VOLUME II

EDITED BY H. R. G. H.

Printed for J. Kincaid and W. Greig;

and J. Balfour.

MDCCLXXIII

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MISCELLANIES.



Vol. II.

A

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To my ingenious and worthy friend

WILLIAM LOWNDS, Esq;

Author of that celebrated Treatise in Folio called the
Land tax Bill.

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling
crew

Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas pew :

Can meagre poetry such fame deserve ?

Can poetry, that only writes to starve ?

And shall no laurel deck that famous head,

In which the senate's annual law is bred ?

That hoary head, which greater glory fires,

By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.

O had I Virgil's force to sing the man,

Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*

Great Lownds his praise should swell the trump of
fame,

And rapes and Wapentakes resound his name.

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown

By singing ev'ry Grecian chief and town ;

Sure Lownds his prose much greater fame requires,

Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and
squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs;
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, knights, and squires, th' assessor's power obey,
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did C—— thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name;
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast th' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash;
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea,
While Thou thro' Britain's distant isle shall spread,
In ev'ry Hundred and Division read.

Critics in classics oft' interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate.

Some works come forth at morn, but die at night
In blazing fringes round a tallow light;

Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like S—— (when unassisted by a friend),

But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate;

And where's your author boasts a longer date?

Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower

But in thy prose a greater force is found;

What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?

MISCELLANIES.

5

Cadmus, by sowing dragon's teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen ; thy annals cease ;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace ?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way ;
When once they're rais'd, they're curst hard to lay.

A ;

PANTHEA.

AN ELEGY.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confess'd,
(In woman's eyes her very soul's express'd).
Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea swears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade;
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
 strains,
While sighing Zephyrs shar'd her am'rous pains.
Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.

MISCELLANIES.

Ah, could you view me in this wretched state!
You might not love me, but you could not hate,
Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, fullen with despair,
And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
Which in my softer hours you oft have sworn,
With rosy beauty far out-blush'd the morn:
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would steal,
And unawares thy tender soul reveal.

Ah, no!—thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
Then false Alexis for Panthea sigh.

Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confess'd,
Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason flown!
And when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
I find Panthea now not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;

MISCELLANIES.

As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle Sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies :
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind ;
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream ;
Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away ;
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth its chearful rays ?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays ?
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field ?
Why do the streams with murm'ring music flow,
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow ?
Let sable clouds the chearful sun deface ;
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race ;
No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field ;
No more, ye streams, with murm'ring music flow,
And let not groves a friendly shade bestow :
With sympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful spring's return :
And shall I never more Alexis see ?
Then what is spring, or grove, or stream to me ?

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain ?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain ?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove ?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave ;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall ;
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day.
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the swain I love?

A R A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

NOW Phoebus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumb'ring Delia from her pleasing
dreams;

Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,
And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:
Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting loves surround th' expecting bride,
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest the solemn vows are paid;

This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn :
Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes ;
Alone she pines, and in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I sparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away ?
When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known :
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue,

*Ah faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

Think, Daphnis, think that scarce five days are
fled,
Since (O false tongue !) those treach'rous things you
said ;

How did you praise my shape and graceful air !
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name ?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say,——I love ?

*Ah faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive ?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe ?

Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
 When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
 When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
 Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
 My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
 My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
 My looks spoke love; while you with answer'ing eyes,
 In killing glances made as kind replies.
 Think, Daphnis, think, what tender things you said,
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd;
 You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
 And when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear;
 My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
 A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

*Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
 For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

When'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
 Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
 Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
 That thy dear image rose before my view;
 She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
 And wounded Delia's fame to sooth my spleen:
 When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
 Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
 And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
 I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
 Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
 Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
 Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
 And ever part me from the man I love.

*Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
 For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In some retreat far from this hateful town !
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu !
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue;
Me, let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove ;
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound :
Music adieu, farewell Italian airs !
The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares ;
On some old ruin lost in thought I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest ;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose :
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy ? flow tears again ;
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain ;
Daphnis, alas ! the Gordian knot has ty'd,
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
Ah faithless youth ! since eyes the soul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign ?

ELEGY on a LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more,
Ye Muses mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tye the fav'rite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantick with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlen pinnars rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon his fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend,
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate;

Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?
For when a lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd.

"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid;
"Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

MISCELLANEOUS
TO A
YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion ;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her ;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame :
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair ;
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from di'mond rings and watches !
But hold——a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket ;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor even be prodigal of thought,

Why then send lampreys ? 'fye for shame!
 'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
 This to fifteen a proper gift !
 It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
 And think my present somewhat bold.
 I see her lift her hands and eyes :

' What eat it, niece ; eat Spanish flies !
 ' Lamprey's a most immodest diet :
 ' You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
 ' Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
 ' 'Twould make me blush to tell my dream ;
 ' If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
 ' That ev'ry man I see looks charming ;
 ' Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
 ' Laid Rochester upon your pillow ?
 ' I vow and swear, I think the present
 ' Had been as modest and as decent.

' Who has her virtue in her pow'r ?
 ' Each day has its unguarded hour ;
 ' Always in danger of undoing,
 ' A prawn, a shrimp may prove our ruin !

' The shepherdes, who lives on sallad,
 ' To cool her youth, controuls her palate ;
 ' Should Dian's maids turn liqu'rish livers,
 ' And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
 ' Then all beside each glade and vисто,
 ' You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.

' The man who meant to heat your blood,
 ' Need not himself such vicious food.'——

In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
 I sent you what I well might spare :

VOL. II.

B

For when I see you (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breasts are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

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TO
A L A D Y,
ON HER

Passion for OLD CHINA.

WHAT exstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war;
What rival's near? a China jar.

China's the passion of her soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some count the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers!
But ev'ry beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere;
My lilly and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wife,
 Hunt science down in butterflies :
 Or fondly poring on a spider,
 Stretch human contemplation wider ;
 Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
 He digs for knowledge, like a mole ;
 In shells so learn'd, that all agree
 No fish that swims knows more than he !
 In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
 Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise ?

When I some antique jar behold,
 Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
 Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
 Appear the types of womankind :
 Are they not valu'd for their beauty,
 Too fair, too fine for household-duty ?
 With flowers, and gold, and azure dy'd,
 Of ev'ry house the grace and pride ?
 How white, how polish'd is their skin,
 And valu'd most when only seen !
 She who before was highest priz'd,
 Is for a crack or flaw despis'd ;
 I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
 The treasure cannot cost too dear !
 But man is made of coarser stuff,
 And serves convenience well enough ;
 He's a strong earthen vessel made,
 For drudging, labour, toil, and trade ;
 And when wives lose their other self,
 With ease they bear the loss of self.

Husbands, more covetous than sage,
 Condemn this China-buying rage ;

They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country-life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plow,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like China sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

P R O L O G U E,

Designed for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroll'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see nature's pow'r appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your am'rous bowers:
Such harmless swains!—I'm ev'n content with ours;
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?
To night we treat you with such country-fare,
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
He draws no Hemkirk-boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgment pass'd;
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:

And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calista break her duty ;
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still methinks our author's fate I dread,
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of tragedy ; than o'er wide heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way ?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart ;
He, foolish bard ! nor pomp nor show regards.
Without the witness of a hundred guards,
His lovers sigh their vows.—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no such shifts ? there's danger in't, 'tis true ;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell to Black-
eyed SUSAN.

A B A L L A D.

I.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind;
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:
Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright.
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though canons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard :

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

THE
LADY'S LAMENTATION,
A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas ! should fill her head
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow ?

II.

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers.
What are your assemblies then ?
There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows !
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number !
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

IV.

Pleasant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers ;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is paid, when we're away,
What we lent to others,

V.

Though the fav'rite toast I reign,
Wine, they say, that prompts the vein,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation ?

VI.

Thus far the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah, cease thy sorrow.
Though curs'd fortune frown to-night :
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A S O N G.

I.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped ;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread ;
When Damon staid behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love ?

II.

Oh ! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bow'rs
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs :
But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass,
No joys for me remain,
In shades or on the grass.

III.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves :
While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves ;

At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail ;
And maidens love like sparrows.

IV.

Then, swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down ;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells ;
But readily resort
To B——n's or L——ll's,

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind :
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why should you your song forbear ?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood :
I feel the sound ; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love !

IV.

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
 Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
 Our artful lips were made to feign.
 O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
 Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with thrilling motion flew;
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew.
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
 Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too!

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 That lip should other pleasures seek:
 Much, much thy music I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more, to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
 Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
 Love by such trifles first comes on.

Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah Chloe, thou art won!

VIII.

The youth step'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken words, she cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day!

Now, now, dear thespian, come away,
My tongue would now be busy
At Chloë, thou art gone!

III.

COQUET MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

A S O N G.

I. But I am lost to-day!

AT the close of the day,
When the bean-flow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind:
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstacy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

III.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

IV.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,
 You instruct me in pride,
 And men by good manners are won;
 She who trifles with all
 Is less likely to fall
 Than she who but trifles with one.

V.

Prithee, Molly, be wise,
 Lest by sudden surprise
 Love should tingle in ev'ry vein:
 Take a shepherd for life,
 And when once you're a wife,
 You safely may trifle again.

VI.

Molly, smiling, reply'd,
 Then I'll soon be a bride;
 Old Roger has gold in his chest:
 But I thought all you wives
 Chose a man for your lives,
 And trifled no more with the rest.

CONTEMPLATION

O N

N I G H T.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face inform my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shade of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all Nature mourns :
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost ;

No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
 But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
 And when those lands the busy sun forakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known:

The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

The first moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe bears back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
 Whether those stars that twinkling justice lend,
 Are fairs, and rolling worlds those fairs attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
 But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.
 When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he sends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wak'ful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant tills his early soil,
 And bids the plough extend the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embrace waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
 And when those lands the day has forsaken,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;
 In fury keep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither climate laments his absent ray.
 When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known.

THOUGHT

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought! divine eternity!
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
 Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound:
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes;
 Its mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.

Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay ;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into eternity.

For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it :
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

F A B L E S,

IN TWO PARTS.

F A B L E S

IN TWO VOLUMES.
 BRITISH MUSEUM

T O

HIS HIGHNESS,

W I L L I A M,

Duke of CUMBERLAND,

THESE NEW FABLES,

INVENTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT,

Are humbly dedicated, by

HIS HIGHNESS's

Most faithful and

Most obedient servant;

JOHN GAY.

T. O.

HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM

Duke of Cumberland

THESE NEW TABLES
DEVOTED TO THE MUSEMENT



Are humbly dedicated, by

HIS HIGHNESS

John Gay

to His Highness

JOHN GAY

F A B L E S,

PART THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage ;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold ;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)

The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
 Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight-oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown
 By various fates on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy, and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air
 With pious wing protects her care,
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
 Nor would I, with felonious sleight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.

Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen,
 Books as affected are as men?

But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

TO HIS HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM Duke of Cumberland.

F A B L E I.

The LION, the TYGER, and the TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth.
Learn to condemn all praise betimes;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
(A virtue never near a throne).
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication:
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those,
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

VOL. II.

D

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says ?
They in your infant-bosom trace
The virtues of your Royal race ;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind :
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Ner let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a ripèr age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel ; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tyger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way ;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies.
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood ;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the gen'rous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest.
What hardy beast shall dare contest

My matchless strength! You saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam;
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd: Let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain,
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav'n to succour the distress.

The case is plain, the monarch said,
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?

For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.

F A B L E II.

The SPANIEL and the CAMELEON.

A Spaniel, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to won his lady's heart:
Each little mischief gain'd him praise.
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air,
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground:
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host;
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:

Preferment shall thy talents crown.

Believe me, friend ; I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew :

Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.

My whisper always met success ;
'The ladies prais'd me for address.

I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.

But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days ;

And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.

Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.

For Jove the heart alone regards ;
He punishes what man rewards.

How diff'rent is thy case and mine !

With men at least you sup and dine ;

While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,

Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

F A B L E III.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content ?

How partial are their doating eyes !

No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose, and fought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall:
Speak, Nurse, I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:

Your precious babe, is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking aukward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

F A B L E IV.

The EAGLE, and the assembly of ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent,
Murmurs and sounds of discontent :
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight ;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies ?
Why this disorder ? say the cause ;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal.
To yon four dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the hound replies.
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies !
While I, with weary step, and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view ;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure.
The hound is slow, but always sure.
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The lion crav'd the fox's art ;
The fox, the lion's force and heart :
The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light :
The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the cock's matchless valour priz'd :
The fishes with'd to graze the plain ;
The beasts, to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring croud ;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature ?
What, silent all, and none consent ?
Be happy then, and learn content :
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

F A B L E V.

The WILD-BOAR and the RAM.

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd :
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murd'rer is in view :
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge, is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes :
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame ;
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due ;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.

Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

F A B L E VI.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes;
 With sudden start the Miser wakes.
 Along the silent room he stalks;
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
 Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries;
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
 And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's fold. Good gods! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;

Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser trembling, lock'd his chest :
The Vision frown'd, and thus addrest.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ?
Each fordid rascal's daily cant.
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade ;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking-vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven :
Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their fordid souls for pay ?
Let bravo's then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

F A B L E VII.

The LION, the FOX, and the GEESE.

A Lion, tir'd with state-affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd ; the day was set :
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The croud
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The croud admire his wit, his sense ;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatt'rer all his art displays.
He who hath pow'r, is sure of praise.
A fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address.
How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.

His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!

He said. A goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise.
If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night!

F A B L E VIII.

The LADY and the WASP.

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;

Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The slightest flap a fly can chace,
 But who can drive the num'rous breed ?
 Chase one, another will succeed.
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
 One fop will recommend another :
 And with this plague she's rightly curst,
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
 Sat meditating on her beauty,
 She now was pensive, now was gay,
 And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
 A giddy wasp around her flies.
 He now advances, now retires,
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
 Her fan in vain defends her charms ;
 Swift he returns, again alarms ;
 For by repulse he bolder grew,
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets, Good gods ! she cries,
 Protect me from these teasing flies !
 Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,
 A wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd.
 Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?
 Can such offence your anger wake ?
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
 Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,

Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In extasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts:
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

F A B L E IX.

The BULL and the MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd;
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire ;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud. Suspend the fight ;
In a whole skin, go, sleep to-night :
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest ?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly mastiff thus returns.
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind,
To daily war my youth inclin'd ;
He train'd me to heroic deed ;
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.

Curs'd dog, the bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore ;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground ;
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

F A B L E X.

The ELEPHANT and the BOOKSELLER.

THE man who, with undaunted toils,
Sails unknown seas, to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight :
What stranger wonders does he write !
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew :
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange ; yet may be true.
Who doubts that elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd ?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees ;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now (like them) the Greek can read !

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er ;

Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their powers were writ,
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.

Man with strong reason is endu'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's wit be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel yet might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure, or his wonder?
From courtiers tricks, and lawyer's arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The bookseller, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought, what a genius have I found!
 Then thus address'd with bow profound.

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of Siam,
 No man is better pay than I am;
 Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
 Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
 Friend, quoth the elephant, you're drunk;
 E'en keep your money, and be wise:
 Leave man on man to criticise;
 For that you ne'er can want a pen
 Among the senseless sons of men.
 They unprovok'd will court the fray;
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
 No author ever spar'd a brother;
 Wits are game-cocks to one another.

F A B L E XI.

The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, and the GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
 The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
 A peacock with the poultry fed;
 All view'd him with an envious eye,
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
 He, conscious of superior merit,
 Contemns their base reviling spirit;
 His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes;
 Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
 The circling rays, and varied light,
 At once confound their dazzled sight:
 On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark, with what insolence and pride
 The creature takes his haughty stride,
 'The turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
 Sure never bird was half so vain!
 But, were intrinsic merit seen,
 We turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
 And next was heard the hissing goose.
 What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
 I scorn to censure little flaws.
 Then what a horrid squaling throat!
 Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.

True. Those are faults, the peacock cries;
 My scream, my thanks you may despise:
 But such blind critics rail in vain.
 What, overlook my radiant train!
 Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
 The turkey or the goose support,

And did ye scream with harsher sound,
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found :
 To all apparent beauties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen
 A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
 Wake envy in each ugly face ;
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

F A B L E XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love ;
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string ;
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mold,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold :

Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
 Address'd the god. Thou purblind chit,
 Of aukward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are no better made,
 At once I must forswear my trade.
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder how they came together.

The husband's silent, dogged, shy ;
 The wife grows flippant in reply.
 He loves command, and due restriction ;
 And she as well likes contradiction :
 She never slavishly submits ;
 She'll have her will, or have her fits.
 He this way tugs, she t'other draws ;
 The man grows jealous, and with cause.
 Nothing can save him but divorce ;
 And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
 With either your affairs, or you ?
 I never idly spend my darts ;
 You trade in mercenary hearts.
 For settlements the lawyer's feed ;
 Is my hand witness to the deed ?
 If they like cat and dog agree,
 Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said, 'Tis true,
 In marriage gold is all their view :
 They seek not beauty, wit, or sense ;
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.
 How can Belinda blame her fate ?
 She only ask'd a great estate.
 Doris was rich enough, 'tis true ;
 Her Lord must give her title too :
 And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
 A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

F A B L E XIII.

The same STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipt with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
And distant awe presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;

Examines ev'ry fist for meat,
 And though repuls'd, disdains retreat :
 Attacks again with levell'd horns ;
 And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
 When first a red-coat is in sight ;
 Behind the door she hides her face ;
 Next time at distance eyes the lace.
 She now can all his terrors stand,
 Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
 She plays familiar in his arms,
 And every soldier hath his charms.
 From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
 For custom conquers fear and shame.

F A B L E XIV.

The MONKEY who had seen the world.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes !
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.
 So forth he fares, all toil defies :
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid ;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room !)

Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls ; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal :
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And fought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending ;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow :
But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries ;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth ; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
Reform your state, and copy me.

Seek ye to thrive? In flatt'ry deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right ;
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite ;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool ;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears ;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

F A B L E XV.

The PHILOSOPHER and the PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way ;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves :
From tree to tree, the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he past, he terror threw ;
The song broke short, the warblers flew ;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight :
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature ?
Fly they our figure or our nature ?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught ;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her list'ning brood ;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd.

No dangers here shall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content,

Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
 Than man; of animals the worst.
 In him ingratitude you find,
 A vice peculiar to the kind.
 The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd,
 To guard his health, and serve his pride,
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.
 The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
 His hives with wax and honey fill,
 In vain whole summer days employ'd,
 Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
 What tribute from the goose is paid!
 Does not her wing all science aid?
 Does it not lovers hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
 What now rewards this general use?
 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his ways;
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure we pheasants must be spitted.

F A B L E XVI.

The PIN and the NEEDLE.

A Pin who long had serv'd a Beauty,
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,

Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd :
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same ?

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past ;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm ;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm ;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat ;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach ;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir ?
A needle, says th' interpreter,
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown !
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that poultry flint and you ?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame ;
 I follow real worth and fame.
 Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
 That virtue virtues can impart ?
 Of all his talents I partake.
 Who then can such a friend forsake ?
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
 To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand :
 By me the distant world is known,
 And either India is our own.
 Had I with milleners been bred,
 What had I been ? the guide of thread,
 And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
 Of no more consequence than you.

F A B L E XVII.

The shepherd's DOG and the WOLF.

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
 Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold :
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,
 The thefts of night regal'd the day.
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
 Had spread the toils and watch'd the snare ;
 In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,
 The fleetier robber mock'd the chase.
 As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce ? replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.

How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind ?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care !
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh.
Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal ;
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech,
To him repeat the moving speech :
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

F A B L E XVIII.

The PAINTER who pleased no body and every body.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

The trav'ler, leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never seems absurd ;
The flatter'd always take your word ;
Impossibilities seem just ;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew ;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
'To bloom restor'd the faded maid :
He gave each muscle all its strength ;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,
Truth should not always be reveal'd ;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view ; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
 My Lord appear'd; and seated right
 In proper attitude and light,
 The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
 Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
 Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air:
 Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
 Might well a Raphael's hand require,
 To give them all the native fire;
 The features fraught with sense and wit,
 You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
 But yet with patience you shall view
 As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,
 'Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
 Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young.
 Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd,
 In this we painters must decide.
 The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
 I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it a-new;
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace
 He from his Venus form'd her face.
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
 So like the picture in his heart!
 To ev'ry age some charm he lent,
 Ev'n Beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.

Had he the real likeness shown,
 Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

F A B L E XIX.

The LION and the CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry is their pride!
 Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion-kind:
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.

He caught their manners, looks, and airs :
 An afs in ev'ry thing, but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke :
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 Good Gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat :
 Forward, and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation :
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies ;
 Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride! returns the sire ;
 All fools are vain, when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise.

F A B L E XX.

The Old HEN and the COCK.

Restrain your child ; you'll soon believe
 The text, which says, we sprung from Eve.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain ;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met ; her son she knew ;
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold ;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread :
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well ; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast ;
To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care : Yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey ;
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law :
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge ? he cries :
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave ?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race ?

And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew
Headlong to meet the war he flew.
But when the watry death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

F A B L E XXI.

The RAT-CATCHER and CATS.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid.
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd, and laid waste.
She curs'd the cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An Engineer of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways ;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace,
She saw, that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone ;
So, secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And puffs again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines ?
Incens'd, he cries : This very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power.

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor puffs was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive Cat with piteous mews
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.
A sister of the science spare ;
One int'rest is our common care.

What insolence ! the man reply'd ;
Shall cats with us the game divide ?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese !

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.

In ev'ry age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for incroaching ;
'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching ;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms ;
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own.
But let us limit our desires ;
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires ;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you.

F A B L E XXII.

The GOAT without a Beard.

'T IS certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the croud, like fashions.
Excuse me then ; if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great),
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say, that these are proud. What then ?
I never said, they equal men.

A goat (as vain as goat can be)
 Affected singularity.
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
 And then with fond attention stood
 Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries;
 My youth is lost in this disguise.
 Did not the females know my vigour,
 Well might they loathe this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A slipshod monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by, profess'd the dapper art.
 His pole with pewter basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung;
 Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
 Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
 Did well his three-fold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The goat he welcomes with an air,
 And seats him in his wooden chair:
 Mouth, nose and cheek the lather hides:
 Light, smooth and swift the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says pug.
 Sure never face was half so snug!

The goat, impatient for applause,
 Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
 The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
 Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
 What envious hand hath robb'd your face?

When thus the fop with smiles of scorn :
 Are beards by civil nations worn ?
 Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
 Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
 Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
 And bear about the hairy load ?
 Whene'er we through the village stray,
 Are we not mock'd along the way ;
 Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
 By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
 Brother, I grant you reason well,
 Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
 If boys can mortify thy pride,
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock ? affected fool !
 Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
 To all but coxcombs are a jest.

F A B L E XXIII.

The OLD WOMAN and her CATS.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
 Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
 The matron who conducts abroad
 A willing nymph, is thought a bawd ;
 And if a modest girl is seen
 With one who cures a lover's spleen,

We guess her not extremely nice,
 And only wish to know her price.
 'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
 Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
 Beside a little smoky flame
 Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
 Her shrivell'd hands, with veins embost,
 Upon her knees her weight sustains,
 While palsy shook her crazy brains:
 She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
 An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
 About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
 Of cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
 And thus she sputter'd. Hence ye crew.
 Fool that I was, to entertain
 Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
 Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
 I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
 To you I owe, that crouds of boys
 Worry me with eternal noise;
 Straws laid across my pace retard,
 The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard);
 The stunted broom the wenches hide,
 For fear that I should up and ride;
 They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
 And bid me show my secret teat.

To hear you prate would vex a saint;
 Who hath most reason of complaint?
 Replies a cat. Let's come to proof.
 Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,

We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag ;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag ;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine.

F A B L E XXIV.

The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sun-shine of the morn,
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose ;
With pert conceit his bosom glows ;
His wings, (all glorious to behold),
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :

What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the soil ?

Why wake you to the morning's care ?
Why with new arts correct the year ?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue ?
And why the plum's inviting blue ?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind ?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race ;
So purge thy garden from disgrace.
What arrogance ! the snail reply'd ;
How insolent is upstart pride !
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd ;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train ;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend ;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly ? At best,
He's but a caterpillar dress'd :
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

F A B L E XXV.

The SCOLD and the PARROT.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife.

Who deals in slander, lives in strife.

Art thou the herald of disgrace,

Denouncing war to all thy race?

Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,

Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?

That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,

Alarms our neighbour far and near.

Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,

That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!

Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!

Like fame, it gathers strength by going.

Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,

How solemn is the fool! how wise!

Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?

Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.

Women of late are finely ridden,

A parrot's privilege forbidden!

You praise his talk, his squaling song;

But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces

Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;

She ran the parrot's language o'er,

Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore;

On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her.
Pufs spits; the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage.

A parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd,
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with interest pays the debt.

F A B L E XXVI.

The CUR and the MASTIFF.

A Sneaking cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.

Poor Pufs to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place ;
The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid ;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid.
The thief with love seduc'd the maid ;
Cajol'd the cur, and stroak'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more ;
The surly dog his finger's tore.

Swift ran the cur ; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries ;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand :
The cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just,
Take not informers words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd ;
The cur was hang'd, the mastiff clear'd.

F A B L E XXVII.

The SICK MAN and the ANGEL.

IS there no hope? the sick man said.

The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath :
I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since I must bid the world adieu,

Let me my former life review.

I grant, my bargains well were made,

But all men over-reach in trade ;

'Tis self-defence in each profession.

Sure self-defence is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands,

By good security on lands,

Is well increas'd. If unawares,

My justice to myself and heirs,

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,

For want of good sufficient bail ;

If I by writ, or bond, or deed,

Reduc'd a family to need,

My will hath made the world amends,

My hope on charity depends.

When I am number'd with the dead,

And all my pious gifts are read,

By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known

My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend ! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.

Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?

What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days ?

A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.

This instant give a hundred pound ;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste ? the Sick Man whines ;
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs ?
Perhaps I may recover still.

That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.

From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right ;

And after death would fain atone,

By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd ;
Then why such haste ? so groan'd and dy'd.

F A B L E XXVIII.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
 When Envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
 She calls her venal train from hell:
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all Curl's authors are in pay.
 Fame calls up calumny and spite.
 Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day
 With heart devout a Persian lay,
 His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
 The various gifts of Providence,
 Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
 Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
 The day with sudden darkness hung;
 With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
 A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.

Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
 Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?

Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my prayer,

Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there.

When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,

Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind

Dispells thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour tost

(The sport of winds) in air was lost;

The glorious orb the day refines.

Thus Envy breaks, thus Merit shines.

F A B L E XXIX.

The Fox at the point of death.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;

All appetite hath left his maw,

And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.

His num'rous race around him stand

To learn their dying fire's command:

He rais'd his head with whining moan,

And thus was heard the feeble tone.

Ah fons ! from evil ways depart ;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain ?

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your fons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons ! says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire.

Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And guns and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son :
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed ;
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believ'd.
 A lost good-name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble fox,
 (But, hark ! I hear a hen that crows),
 Go, but be mod'rate in your food ;
 A chicken too might do me good.

F A B L E XXX.

The SETTING-DOG and the PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
 And searches ev'ry breeze that flies ;
 The scent grows warm : with cautious fear
 He creeps, and points the covey near.
 The men, in silence, far behind,
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
 The fraudulent preparation spies :
 She mocks their toils, alarms her brood ;
 The covey springs, and seeks the wood :
 But ere her certain wing she tries,
 Thus to the creeping spaniel cries.

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

When thus the Dog with scornful smile:
Secure of wing thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learn'd his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed:
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu,
She said, and to the covey flew.

F A B L E XXXI.

The Universal APPARITION.

A Rake, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
 Disease his tainted blood affails;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old-age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
 A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began.

My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear;
 Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
 Can give the heart a chearful hour,
 When health is lost. Be timely wise;
 With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears.
 The wary counsel wak'd his fears:
 He now from all excess abstains,
 With physick purifies his veins;
 And, to procure a sober life,
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the sp'rit ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends ;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail ;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lover's names.
In other hours she represents

His household-charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Strait all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more ;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew ;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chase this hideous guest ?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose. Again the sp'rit
Besets him morning, noon, and night ;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
How Envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air :
His groves, his fields amus'd his hours ;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues ;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,

Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
 And droughts that starve the labour'd plains.
 Abroad, at home, the spectre's there:
 In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address'd.
 Since thou must be my constant guest,
 Be kind, and follow me no more;
 For Care by right should go before.

F A B L E XXXII.

The two OWLS and the SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat.

How is the modern taste decay'd!
 Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
 Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
 They gave our sires the honour due;
 They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 And pry'd into the depth of owls.
 Athens, the seat of learned fame,
 With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
 On merit title was conferr'd,
 And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
 The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes;

Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit ;
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
And a pert sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat.

Who meets a fool, must find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would you contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd ;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by nature taught ;
So shall ye find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care ;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

F A B L E XXXIII.

The COURTIER and PROTEUS.

WHene'er a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace ;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign ;
Like Philip's son would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these, (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his power ;
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.

Came you from court ? For in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will ;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the Man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy gloat,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said. Upon the God he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasion still;

Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

F A B L E XXXIV.

The MASTIFFS.

THose who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end ;
He glory'd in his limping pace ;
The scars of honour seam'd his face ;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel shall correct your manners.
Whence sprung this curs'd hate to tanners ?

While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah ! 'tis me, you dare not bite.

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud.

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

F A B L E XXXV.

The BARLEY-MOW and the DUNGHILL.

HOW many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street ?

Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean, to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store;
His geese, his hogs he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd.

Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd.
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know.

My warm assistance gave thee birth,
 Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth.
 But upstarts, to support their station,
 Cancel at once all obligation.

F A B L E XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS *and the* COUNTRYMAN.

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn.
 By soaring meditation drawn,
 To breathe the fragrance of the day,
 Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
 In musing contemplation warm,
 His steps mislead him to a farm,
 Where, on the ladder's topmost round
 A Peasant stood : the hammer's sound
 Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
 Calls for thy honest labour there ?

The Clown with surly voice replies,
 Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
 This kite, by daily rapine fed,
 My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
 At length his forfeit life had paid.
 See, on the wall his wings display'd,
 Here nail'd, a terror to his kind.
 My fowls shall future safety find ;

My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the sage, the doom is wise ;
For public good the murd'rer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton man devours ;
What bloody feasts regale his hours !
O impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner !

Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated ?
When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain :
For † *petty rogues submit to fate,*
That great ones may enjoy their state.

† Garth's Dispensary.

F A B L E XXXVII.

The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN.

WH Y are those tears, why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one, since his death, apply'd?
Alas! you know the cause too well.
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell.
God send my Cornish friends be well!
Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears.
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;

When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whore-son throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fists, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

F A B L E XXXVIII.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;

Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant-train
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near; my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold, the busy Negro race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An ant is most delightful meat.
How blest'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days:
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the fav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech.
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Controul thy most voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

F A B L E XXXIX.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;
 He begg'd a wife. His pray'r was heard.
 Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing :
 For how precarious is the blessing !

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
 Again he worries heav'n with pray'rs.
 Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
 And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now, more solicitous he grew,
 And set their future lives in view :
 He saw that all respect and duty
 Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer ;
 Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
 Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
 All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
 My next with strong ambition fire ;
 May favour teach him to aspire ;
 Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
 And courtiers to their idol bend.
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
 My daughter's perfect features arm.
 If Heav'n approves, a father's bless'd.
 Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place;
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the father's grief survey'd,
And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god. By outward show,
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest.

F A B L E XL.

The two MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
 The fops of outward show deride;
 The fop, with learning at defiance,
 Scoffs at the pedant, and the science:
 The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
 Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
 While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
 Britain, a medly of the twain,
 As pert as France, as grave as Spain;
 In fancy wiser than the rest,
 Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
 Is not the poet's chiming close
 Censured by all the sons of prose?
 While bards of quick imagination
 Despise the sleepy prose narration.
 Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
 For what are we, but apes to them?

Two monkeys went to Southwark fair,
 No critics had a sourer air:
 They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
 Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
 Then took their tickets for the show,
 And got by chance the foremost row.

To see their grave observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With Sommerfets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer swings;
Aloft in air the vaulter springs,
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends:
The croud, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling;
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due:
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.

For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

F A B L E XLI.

The OWL and the FARMER.

AN owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation,
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
So have I seen a man of news,
Or Post-boy, or gazette peruse;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his store
The farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest.

Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly, or his spite.
Then too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays

To his ill-judging ears are fine ;
 And nightingales are all divine.
 But the more knowing feather'd race
 See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
 Whene'er to visit light I deign,
 What flocks of fowl compose my train !
 Like slaves, they croud my flight behind,
 And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.
 Thou dull important lump of pride,
 Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
 Depretiate birds of warbling song ?
 Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
 Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
 Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
 Few follow Wisdom, or her rules ;
 Fools in derision fellow fools.

F A B L E XLII.

The JUGGLERS.

A Juggler long through all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,

She fought his booth, and from the croud
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for sleight ?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done.
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd ;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain ;
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair ;
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round), will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing :
See this bank-note ; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
Blow here ; and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.
This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills ;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain ;
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.

Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

F A B L E XLIII.

The council of HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd.

Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,

To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
What force is in our nerves combin'd !
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit ?
Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
Forbid it, Heav'ns ! Reject the rein ;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tyger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise ;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase ;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year ?

How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies !
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain ;
 We share the toil, and share the grain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.
 The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was litted.

F A B L E XLIV.

The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN.

IMpertinence at first is born
 With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn ;
 Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres ?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
 At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
 They seek the wood with eager pace,
 Through bush, through brier explore the chase.
 Now scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.

What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan.

I know, the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry' J,
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confess.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

F A B L E XLV.

The PoET and the ROSE.

I Hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own.
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decry'd.
 Who praises Lefbia's eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister, awkward creature;
 For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
 When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
 A Poet fought the sweets of May,
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
 Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace.
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us.
What can a poet do without us!
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To sound her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

F A B L E XLVI.

The CUR, the HORSE, and the SHEPHERD's DOG.

THE lad, of all-sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;

His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace.
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with musick's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature past along
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scowrs, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him 'till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.
The horse from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
 Detesting the vexatious breed,
 Bespoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
 They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
 Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
 Thou hadst not, like a puppy, dy'd.

F A B L E XLVII

The COURT of DEATH.

DEath, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terrors sate :
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
 Croud the vast court. With hollow tone
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim ;
 Merit shall bear this ebony wand.
 All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat posselt,
 Advanc'd, and for the wand address't.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
 Let those express my fervent zeal ;
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,
 With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
 Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;

From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies,
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My thanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force.
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd.
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne.

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here? But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest),
Forego your claim; no more pretend:
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;

He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And, as a courted guest, destroys.
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all.

F A B L E XLVIII.

The GARDENER and the HOG.

A Gard'ner, of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favour plac'd;
 Who fed not with the common herd;
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
 He wallow'd underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd;
 Who fondly stroak'd him ev'ry day,
 And taught him all the puppy's play.
 Where-e'er he went, the grunting friend
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time, the loving pair
 Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
 The master thus address'd the swine.

My house, my garden, all is thine.
 On turnips feast whene'er you please,
 And riot in my beans and pease;
 If the potatoe's taste delights,
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
 Indulge thy morn and evening hours.
 But let due care regard my flowers:

My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vast expence those beds supply'd!

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd.
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then stagg'ring through the garden, scowrs,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd.
Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd.
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown!
For I devour'd the roots alone.

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains;
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah! foolish swain, too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace.
Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

F A B L E XLIX.

The MAN and the FLEA.

WHether on earth, or air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek, when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!

What dignity's in human nature,
Says man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky;

The sun was sunk beneath the main,
 The moon, and all the starry train,
 Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The man
 His contemplation thus began.

When I behold this glorious show,
 And the wide wat'ry world below,
 The scaly people of the main,
 The beasts that range the wood or plain,
 The wing'd inhabitants of air,
 The day, the night, the various year,
 And know all these by heav'n design'd
 As gifts to pleasure human kind;
 I cannot raise my worth too high;
 Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,
 Replies a Flea upon his nose.
 Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
 Know, pride was never made for man.
 'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
 What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
 For thee! made only for our need,
 That more important fleas might feed.

F A B L E L.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whose many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence : A fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd :
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament. Adieu ;
For see the hounds are just in view.

The End of the First Part.

And thus reply'd the mighty lord
That every beam alive can tell
I love I sincerely with you well,
I may, without offence, prove
To take the freedom of a friend,
I have calls me hence: A, say, how now
I hope me near you here now;
And when a lady's in the land,
I do know all other things give place
To have you thus might seem nothing;
But, see, the goat is full of milk,
The goat remark'd her milk was high
Her laughing head, but heavy eye
My back, says he, may be your harm;
The sheep's at hand, and what is wrong
The sheep was terrible and complaining
He likes a load of wool to be
Said he was slow, contented the fens;
I or he made out sheep as well as harm;
The now the nothing can add to
To have from death a friend attend
I shall, I say, be of service;
In this important case engaged
I'll be and after pay'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak are I
Should I presume to bear you hence,
I hold friends of mine may take offence
I bid me then. You know my heart
For dear friends, that I must part
How shall we all lament
For the the bonds are just in view

The End of the Fight

F A B L E S,

IN TWO PARTS.

PART SECOND.

ST. I. A.

ST. W. O. P. A. T. S.



ST. I. A.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THES E FABLES were finished by Mr GAY, and intended for the press, a short time before his death ; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of QUEENSBERRY. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press, and they are here printed from the originals in the author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly show him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

ADVERTISING

THESE PAPERS were published by M. G. ...
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F A B L E S,

PART SECOND.

F A B L E I.

The Dog and the Fox.

To a LAWYER.

I Know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
Hence is the bar with fees supply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paultry gleanings,
Could ev'ry man express his meaning.

Who dares presume to pen a deed,
 Unless you previously are feed?
 'Tis drawn ; and, to augment the cost,
 In dull prolixity ingroft.
 And now we're well secur'd by law,
 Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known,
 But you could make the will your own?
 For when you read, 'tis with intent
 To find out meanings never meant.
 Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
 I bar fallacious innuendo.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
 Some beast or bird in ev'ry face.
 The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
 Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
 When, in the sketches thus design'd,
 Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
 You show the piece, and give the hint,
 And find each feature in the print ;
 So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
 All know it, and the laugh goes round.
 Like him I draw from gen'ral nature :
 Is't I or you then fix the satyr ?

So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
 In making comments on my strains.
 All private slander I detest,
 I judge not of my neighbour's breast ;
 Party and prejudice I hate,
 And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,
 Because a knave is over-nice ?

And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read ?
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction ?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same ?
I no man call an ape or afs ;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write :
Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A shepherd's dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts ;
Among the rest a fox he knew ;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, 'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind ;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend ;
No prejudice can blind a friend :
You know me free from all disguise ;
My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopt ; he cock'd his ear ;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

Bless us ! the hunters are abroad.
What's all that clatter on the road ?

Hold, says the dog, we're safe from harm :
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.

At yonder town 'tis market-day ;

Some farmer's wife is on the way :

'Tis so, (I know her pye-ball'd mare),

Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ward.

Reynard grew huff. Says he, this sneer

From you I little thought to hear :

Your meaning in your looks I see.

Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me ?

Did I e'er make her poultry thinner ?

Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.

Friend, quoth the cur, I meant no harm :

Then why so captious ? why so warm ?

My words, in common acceptation,

Could never give this provocation.

No lamb, (for aught I ever knew),

May be more innocent than you.

At this, gall'd Reynard winc'd, and swore

Such language ne'er was giv'n before

What's lamb to me ? This saucy hint

Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.

If t'other night your master lost

Three lambs ; am I to pay the cost ?

Your vile reflections would imply

That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie !

Thou knave, thou fool, (the dog reply'd),

The name is just, take either side ;

Thy guilt these applications speak :

Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.

So saying, on the fox he flies,
The self-convicted felon dies.

F A B L E II.

The VULTURE, the SPARKOW, and other Birds.

To a FRIEND in the Country.

ERE I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray, what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts; be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
Our ministers, and such like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence;
I meddle with no state-affairs,
But spare my jest, to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure 'em I've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case),
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.

If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust;
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.

You praise his parts, for bus'ness fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.

I've heard of times, (pray God defend us,
We're not so good but he can mend us),
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no int'rest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply;
You must vote on, and not know why:

Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And fav'rites cannot always stand;
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady:
For, should a knave ingross the pow'r,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour),
He must have rogues, or slavish fools:
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain;
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lies:
Give me, kind Heav'n, a private station †,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes
Always except the present times)
A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,

† ———— When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

ADDISON.

Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
 And step by step intrudes to pow'r ;
 When at the royal eagle's ear
 He longs to ease the monarch's care.
 The monarch grants. With pride elate,
 Behold him minister of state !
 Around him throng'd the feather'd rout.
 Friends must be serv'd, and some must out.
 Each thinks his own the best pretension ;
 This asks a place, and that a pension.

The nightingale was set aside,
 A forward daw his room supply'd.
 This bird, (says he), for bus'ness fit,
 Hath both sagacity and wit.
 With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
 He's docile, and at nothing sticks,
 Then with his neighbours one so free
 At all times will connive at me.
 The hawk had due distinction shown,
 For parts and talents like his own.

Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
 As blust'ring bullies to defend him.

At once the ravens were discarded,
 And magpies with their posts rewarded.

Those fowls of omen I detest,
 That pry into another's nest.
 State-lies must lose all good intent ;
 For they foresee and croak th' event.
 My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
 Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

When rogues like these (a sparrow cries)
 To honours and employments rise,

I court no favour, ask no place;
 From such preferment is disgrace.
 Within my thatch'd retreat I find
 (What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

F A B L E III.

The BABOON and the POULTRY.

To a LEVEE-HUNTER.

WE frequently misplace esteem
 By judging men by what they seem.
 To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
 Precedence and our lowest bow.
 In that is due distinction shown.
 Esteem is virtue's right alone.

With partial eye we're apt to see
 The man of noble pedigree,
 We're prepossess'd my Lord inherits
 In some degree his grandfire's merits;
 For those we find upon record:
 But find him nothing but my Lord.

When we with superficial view
 Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
 We know that wealth, well understood,
 Hath frequent pow'r of doing good.
 Then fancy that the thing is done,
 As if the pow'r and will were one.

Thus oft the cheated croud adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing train of pow'r survey;
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to pow'r address'd!
No matter who the pow'r possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill.
Even those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim'd contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barb'rous Moloch was invoc'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all history lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.

Look through all courts. 'Tis pow'r we find
The gen'ral idol of mankind;
There worshipp'd under every shape.
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his pow'r.

Pow'r, by the breath of flatt'ry nurs'd,
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time, an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought :
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd ;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look).
He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round.
Then too his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for ev'ry bus'ness fit.
With all these talents, 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust :
So to her fav'rite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him now with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The croud,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.

This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
 T'other his dignity in place.
 From bill to bill the flatt'ry ran.
 He hears and bears it like a man :
 For, when we flatter self-conceit,
 We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
 What profit's in a place of trust ?
 The common practice of the great,
 Is, to secure a snug retreat.
 So Pug began to turn his brain
 (Like other folks in place) on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,
 Well stock'd with fruits through all the year.
 Here ev'ry day he cram'm'd his guts,
 Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
 For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
 His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
 And no account which way it went.
 Then too the poultry's starv'd condition
 Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
 The facts were prov'd beyond dispute.
 Pug must refund his hoards of fruit ;
 And, though then minister in chief,
 Was branded as a public thief.
 Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
 He nothing but his pride retains.

A goose pass'd by : He knew the face,
 Seen ev'ry levee while in place.

What, no respect ! no rev'rence shown !
 How saucy are these creatures grown !

Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning croud.

Proud fool, (replies the goose), 'tis true,
Thy corn a flutt'ring levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flatt'ry for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape.

F A B L E IV.

The ANT in office.

To a FRIEND.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence too you think my rhimes
Should never squint at courtiers crimes;
For though nor this, nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me, If I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn.
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn.
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise:
'Tis my ambition not to rise.

If I must prostitute the muse,
The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter or defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes.
What then? I hate the paltry tribe.
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade:
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame brib'ry out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they ty'd down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view,
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private lux'ry dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood ;
 I only mean my country's good :
 And (let who will my freedom blame)
 I wish all courtiers did the same.
 Nay, though some folks the less might get,
 I wish the nation out of debt.
 I put no private man's ambition
 With public good in competition :
 Rather than have our laws defac'd,
 I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will ;
 And what if great fools take it ill ?
 I hope, corruption, brib'ry, pension,
 One may with detestation mention :
 Think you the law (let who will take it)
 Can *scandalum magnatum* make it ?

I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
 Nor of another's conscience judge :
 At him or him I take no aim,
 Yet dare against all vice declaim.
 Shall I not censure breach of trust,
 Because knaves know themselves unjust ?
 That steward whose account is clear,
 Demands his honour may appear :
 His actions never shun the light ;
 He is, and would be prov'd upright.

But then you think my fable bears
 Allusion too to state-affairs.

I grant it does : And who's so great,
 That has the privilege to cheat ?
 If then in any future reign
 (For ministers may thirst for gain)

Corrupted hands defraud the nation;
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate
Controul'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go:
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view.
'Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief treas'rer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd, (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation),
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set.
The auditors in council met.
The gran'ry-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.

An honest pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke. The nation's board is low.
From whence does this profusion flow?

I know our annual fund's amount.

Why such expence? and where's th' account?

With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.

Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.

My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence.

They pass'd th' account, as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.

Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food;
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation.
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence.

Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. The treasure spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour too again was pledg'd
To satisfy the charge alledg'd.

When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.

What are we? ministerial tools.

We little knaves are greater fools.

At last this secret is explor'd;

'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.

For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at least

A thousand his own heaps increas'd.

Then, for his kin, and fav'rite spies,

A hundred hardly could suffice.

Thus, for a paltry sneaking bribe,

We cheat ourselves, and all the tribe;

For all the magazine contains,

Grows from our annual toil and pains.

They vote th' account shall be inspected;

The cunning plund'rer is detected:

The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,

As due, to public use restor'd.

F A B L E V.

The BEAR in a Boat.

To a COXCOMB,

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;

He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace :
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore ;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost :
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind ;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small ;
And vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd :
Those most assume who know the least ;
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

Not that all coxcombs follies strike
And draw our ridicule alike.
To diff'rent merits each pretends.
This in love-vanity transcends ;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape :
T'other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition.

For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Assume a nation's various care :
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just ;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own :
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.
Does commerce suffer in her rights ?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill ?
He'll be an adm'ral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew ;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill ;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Left you mistake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shagg and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus, thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil,

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprize too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts;
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroul'd :
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In ev'ry province will preside.
No task too difficult was found.
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound :
In stratagem and subtle arts,
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd, as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.

He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

What blund'ring puppies are mankind,
In ev'ry science always blind !
I mock the pedantry of schools.
What are their compasses and rules ?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern.

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts astonish'd line the strand.
The anchor weigh'd, he drives from land :
The slack sail shifts from side to side ;
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost,
The Bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still ;
Till, striking on the dang'rous sands,
A-ground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress'd,
The very fishes sneer and jest.
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clam'rous watermen appear ;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear :
Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land ;
Derision shouts along the strand.

F A B L E VI.

*The SQUIRE and his CUR.**To a COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN.*

THE man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part.
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise.
 In vain malicious tongues assail.
 Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
 From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If in his country's cause he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart.
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason
 Must be controul'd by place and season.
 What statesman could his pow'r support,
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?

Di princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end ?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace ?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.
The man's proficient in his trade ;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the int'rest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own :
By that have kings of old deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded.
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

† Antiochus, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace ;
And, lost from all the menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest ;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs !
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country-folk (the clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him !) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it, if he cou'd,

† Plutarch.

If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him :
But that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares :
And what mind they ? their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same :
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree :
Would the king knew as much as we.
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought.
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards approach our host alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd ; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The king then, turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first miss'd my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known
Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myself, and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's ingross,
State-lies but little genius cost.

The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil ;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honestly oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse.
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes !
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case !) his own ambitious views,
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen :
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country Squire, by whim directed,
The true, stanch dogs of chace neglected.

Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head.

A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(As other great mens puppies do),
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and bus'ness known.
No honest tongue an audience found:
He worried all the tenants round:
For why, he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear.
Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
'That very hour my ruin's sign'd.

Now in his howl's continu'd sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
 That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
 Forsook his post, to love inclin'd.
 A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
 By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,
 They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
 Thus, by untimely love pursuing,
 Like Antony, he fought his ruin.

For now the Squire, unvex'd with noise,
 An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
 Be free (says he) your mind impart;
 I love a friendly open heart.
 Methinks my tenants shun my gate.
 Why such a stranger grown of late?
 Pray tell me what offence they find:
 'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur, (the farmer cries),
 Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
 His snarling insolence offends.
 'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
 Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
 You'd find again the same respect.
 Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
 That all our hatred is to you.
 But learn from us your true estate;
 'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.

The Squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
 The wide hall echoes with his din:
 Yet truth prevail'd; and with disgrace,
 The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

F A B L E VII.

The COUNTRYMAN and JUPITER.

To MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown;
Have I been over prone to blame?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?

'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown,
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.

The gifts of Fortune truly rate;
Then tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.

As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants increase the more.

Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case),
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear;
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find,
With change of fortune, change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds;
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: Then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true),
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;

Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere :
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade.

Good gods ! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious labour bids me rise ;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring swain.

Speak out your wants then, honest friend :
Unjust complaints the gods offend.

If you repine at partial fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in ev'ry station see.

What wish you ? tell me what you'd be,

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown survey'd the anxious croud.

Yon face of care, says Jove, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er !
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.

Were I that man, (the Peasant cry'd),
What blessing could I ask beside ?

Hold, says the god ; first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition,——
Here, take it, view his true condition.

He look'd, and saw the miser's breast,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest ;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace :
With conscious guilt he saw him start ;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart ;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

May Jove, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state !
But see, amidst a gaudy croud,
Yon minister so gay and proud,
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends !
First take the glass, the god replies ;
Man views the world with partial eyes.

Good gods ! exclaims the startled wight,
Defend me from this hideous sight !
Corruption, with corrosive smart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart :
I see him, with polluted hand,
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now Av'rice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes oppress'd.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tott'ring on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether croud ;

Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.

Was ever wretch like this, he cries!
Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove, I disavow.
Still be my lot the spade and plough.

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.

Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (says he) may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the god: How mortals err!
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit.
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

So Jove, to gratify the clown,
Where first he found him set him down.

F A B L E VIII.

The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FLY.

To my NATIVE COUNTRY.

Hail, happy land, whose fertile grounds
 The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
 By bounteous nature set apart,
 The seat of industry and art!
 O Britain! chosen port of trade,
 May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade;
 May never minister (intent
 His private treasures to augment)
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
 Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law?
 Whenever neighb'ring states contend,
 'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
 What is't, who rules in other lands?
 On trade alone thy glory stands.
 That benefit is unconfin'd,
 Diffusing good among mankind:
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
 And draws all Europe's envious eyes.

Be commerce then thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic plows the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? * To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd.
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw:
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest:

* Barrow.

Do not the mason's toil and care,
 Protect him from th' inclement air ?
 Does not the cutler's art supply
 The ornament that guards his thigh ?
 All these, in duty to the throne
 Their common obligations own.
 'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
 Protects their properties and laws.
 Thus they their honest toil employ,
 And with content the fruits enjoy.
 In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
 'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
 To man their services address'd.
 While each pursu'd their selfish good,
 They hunger'd for precarious food.
 Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd;
 One day they fed, and starv'd the next,
 They saw that plenty, sure and rise,
 Was found alone in social life;
 That mutual industry profess'd,
 The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean, and weak,
 Demands the privilege to speak.

Well, Puss, (says Man), and what can you
 To benefit the public do ?

The Cat replies. These teeth, these claws,
 With vigilance shall serve the cause.
 The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
 No longer shall your feasts pollute ;

Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use
Your parts and talents may conduce ;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir ; be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.
Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps may serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The Man replies. 'Tis just and right
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend :
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly : From you
What public service can accrue ?

From me! (the flutt'ring insect said);
 I thought you knew me better bred.
 Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
 That I to industry submit?
 Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
 By business earn ignoble bread.
 Lost in excess of daily joys,
 No thought, no care my life annoys.
 At noon (the lady's matin hour)
 I sip the tea's delicious flower.
 On cates luxuriously I dine,
 And drink the fragrance of the vine.
 Studious of elegance and ease,
 Myself alone I seek to please.

The Man has pert conceit derides,
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides.
 Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
 No idol fool deserves to eat.
 Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
 And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
 Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
 To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?
 Consider, sot, what would ensue,
 Were all such worthless things as you.
 You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung):
 To make your dirty meals on dung;
 On which such despicable need,
 Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
 Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
 (If you can right and wrong discern);
 That he who, with industrious zeal,
 Contributes to the public weal,

By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public dy'd.

F A B L E IX.

The JACKALL, LEOPARD, and other Beasts.

To a MODERN POLITICIAN.

I Grant corruption sways mankind ;
That int'rest too perverts the mind ;
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence :
I grant you too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age ?
I know, that in a modern fist,
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best ;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly must dissent ;
Premising, no reflection's meant.

Does justice, or the client's sense,
Teach lawyers either side's defence ?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit ;
That only is the client's merit,
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress ?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From ev'ry hand alike persuades.
Man, scripture says, is prone to evil ;
But does that vindicate the devil ?
Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date ;
It hath been try'd in ev'ry state,
Great knaves of old their pow'r have fenc'd
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd ;
By these they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress ;
By these despotically they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid ;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, pow'r, and place ;
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast ?
Where are your slaves, your flatt'ring host ?
What tongues now feed you with applause ?
Where are the champions of your cause ?

Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Prefs foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it, these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit. For these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.

The Lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his gen'rous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.
Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some lions have their pow'r transferr'd:
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.

Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.

Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace.

By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat :
I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,
And all my clam'rous foes despise.

To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends ;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had, He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new profelytes enlist.
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws ;
For bribes confess a wicked cause :
Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands
What had prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base hog through thick and thin :
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary wolf was stanch :
The convert fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party :
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chat'ring monkey join'd the list.

But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The fav'rite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.

The hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
 And was for hanging those that steal;
 But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
 Might half a turnip still afford.
 Since saving measures were profess'd,
 A lamb's head was the wolf's request.
 The fox submitted, if to touch
 A goslin would be deem'd too much.
 The monkey thought his grin and chatter
 Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

Ye hirelings, hence, (the Leopard cries);
 Your venal conscience I despise.
 He who the public good intends,
 By bribes needs never purchase friends.
 Who acts this just, this open part,
 Is propt by ev'ry honest heart.
 Corruption now, too late, has show'd,
 That bribes are always ill-bestow'd.
 By you your bubbled master's taught,
 Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.

F A B L E X.

The DEGENERATE BEES.

To the Reverend Dr SWIFT, Dean of St Patrick's.

THough courts the practice disallow,
 A friend at all times I'll avow.
 In politics I know 'tis wrong:
 A friendship may be kept too long;

And that they call the prudent part,
Is to wear int'rest next the heart.
As the times take a diff'rent face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know too you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That ev'ry knave in ev'ry station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces too in church and state
In frothy nonsense show their hate;
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few),
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt.
The booksellers alone are hurt.

Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: Those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My fable shall the rest recite;
Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate,

A bee, of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive.
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supply'd,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules,
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace;
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with flight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (says he) to genius born,
The drudg'ry of our fathers scorn.
The wasp and drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No bus'ness interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.

A stubborn bee among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,

Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd.

I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.

The laws our native rights protect ;

Offending thee, I those respect.

Shall luxury corrupt the hive,

And none against the torrent strive ?

Exert the honour of your race ;

He builds his rise on your disgrace.

'Tis industry our state maintains.

'Twas honest toil and honest gains

That rais'd our fires to pow'r and fame.

Be virtuous ; save yourselves from shame.

Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,

You scramble for the public ruin.

He spoke ; and, from his cell dismiss'd,

Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.

With him a friend or two resign'd,

Disdaining the degen'rate kind.

These drones (says he) these insects vile,

(I treat them in their proper style),

May for a time oppress the state.

They own our virtue by their hate ;

By that our merits they reveal,

And recommend our public zeal ;

Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,

We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

F A B L E XI.

The PACK-HORSE and the CARRIER.

To a YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEgin, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth :
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject ;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your first pursuit :
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too ;
Like them ignoble actions scorn :
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own ;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd ;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd ;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal ;
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause ;

By neither place or pension bought,
 They spoke and voted as they thought.
 Thus did your fires adorn their seat;
 And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
 You're but a dunce in stronger light:
 In foremost rank, the coward, plac'd,
 Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you, to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due;
 In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth the name alone descends;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride.
 Learning by study must be won,
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires;
 For that mankind reverses your fires:
 If you degen'rate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier ev'ry night and morn,
 Would see his horses eat their corn.
 This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
 But then his horses had their due.
 Were we so cautious in all cases,
 Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure ;
 He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure :
 When all at once confusion rung ;
 They snorted, jostled, bit, and sung.
 A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
 Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods! (says he), how hard's my lot?
 Is then my high descent forgot?
 Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
 (A life unworthy of my race),
 Must I too bear the vile attacks
 Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks?
 See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
 Dares from the manger thrust my head!
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,
 On offals of these creatures dine?
 Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe!
 My honour suffers by the blow.
 Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,
 All jockeys still revere his name:
 There yearly are his triumphs told,
 There all his massy plates enroll'd.
 Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
 You saw him with a liv'ry train;
 Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
 You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
 Let it then, Sir, be understood,
 Respect's my due; for I have blood.

Vain-glorious fool, (the Carrier cry'd),
 Respect was never paid to pride.
 Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.

Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
 To learn the conduct of the rein ?
 Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
 In vitious frolics fancy spirit.
 What is't to me by whom begot,
 Thou restif, pert, conceited sot ?
 Your sires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:
 But, worthless fool, what's that to you ?
 Ask all the carriers on the road,
 They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
 That neither mends thy strength nor pace.
 What profits me thy boast of blood ?
 An afs hath more intrinsic good.
 By outward show let's not be cheated :
 An afs should like an afs be treated.

F A B L E XII.

PAN *and* FORTUNE.

To a YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
 (As if th' estate had been their own),
 The gamesters outwardly exprest
 The decent joy within your breast.
 So lavish in your praise they grew,
 As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.

No house, says he, is more compleat;
The garden's elegant and great.

How fine the park around it lies!

The timber's of a noble size.

Then count his jewels and his plate.

Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.

If cash run low, his lands in fee

Are or for sale, or mortgage free.

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem'd to anticipate their gain.

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?

Would not the fool abet the stealth,

Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?

Yet this you do, whene'er you play

Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,

On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?

Is it in charity you game,

To save your worthy gang from shame?

Unless you furnish'd daily bread,

Which way could idleness be fed?

Could these professors of deceit

Within the law no longer cheat,

They must run bolder risques for prey,

And strip the trav'ler on the way.

Thus in your annual rents they share,

And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you make the bett,

That sum might cross your taylor's debt.

When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,
 Is not your honour too at stake?
 Must you not by mean lies evade
 To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?
 By promises so often paid,
 Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
 Must you not pitifully fawn,
 To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
 This must be done. In debts of play
 Your honour suffers no delay:
 And not this year's and next year's rent
 The sons of rapine can content.

Look round. The wrecks of play behold,
 Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
 Their owners, not to jails confin'd,
 Show equal poverty of mind.
 Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
 Too late attempt to learn their trade.
 Some, for the folly of one hour,
 Become the dirty tools of pow'r.
 And, with the mercenary list,
 Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at last this maxim true,
 Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest (a whole cent'ry's shade)
 Must be one wasteful ruin made.
 No mercy's shown to age or kind;
 The gen'ral massacre is sign'd.
 The park too shares the dreadful fate,
 For duns grow louder at the gate.

Stern clowns, obedient to the 'Squire,
 (What will not barb'rous hands for hire?)
 With brawny arms repeat the stroke.
 Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak.
 Through the long wood loud axes sound,
 And echo groans with ev'ry wound.

To see the desolation spread,
 Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head.
 His bosom now with fury burns;
 Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
 Cards too, in peevish passion torn,
 The sport of whirling winds are born.

To snails invet'rate hate I bear,
 Who spoil the verdure of the year:
 The caterpillar I detest,
 The blooming spring's voracious pest:
 The locust too, whose rav'nous band
 Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
 But what are these? The dice's throw
 At once hath laid a forest low.
 The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
 And the wide park hath lost its shade.
 Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
 And all its ancient glories waste.
 All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
 'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.

By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
 More havock in one hour is made,
 Than all the hungry insect-race,
 Combin'd, can in an age deface.

Fortune, by chance, who near him pass'd,
 O'erheard the vile aspersions cast.

Why, Pan, (says she), what's all this rant?
'Tis ev'ry country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust:
I blame the fool; for what can I,
When ninety-nine my pow'r defy?
These trust alone their fingers ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met:
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone.

F A B L E XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, *and* TIME.

OF all the burthens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe :
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

What can one do ? I rose at nine.
'Tis full six hours before we dine :
Six hours ! no earthly thing to do !
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read ;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The flutt'ring sheets are tost away.
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns and stretches in his chair.

Not twenty, by the minute-hand !
Good gods ! says he, my watch must stand !
How muddling 'tis on books to pore !
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,
Then too his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffeehouse he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.

Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails ;
 Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
 He spies a partner of his woe ;
 By chat afflictions lighter grow ;
 Each other's grievances they share,
 And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, since all men must confess
 That time lies heavy more or less ;
 Why should it be so hard to get,
 Till two, a party at Piquet ?
 Play might relieve the lagging morn :
 By cards long wintry nights are borne.
 Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
 Night after night, throughout the year ?
 Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
 They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says Will, then must be hard,
 By want of skill from play debarr'd.
 Courtiers kill time by various ways ;
 Dependence wears out half their days.
 How happy these, whose time ne'er stands !
 Attendance takes it off their hands.
 Were it not for this cursed show'r,
 The park had whil'd away an hour.
 At court, without or place or view,
 I daily lose an hour or two.
 It fully answers my design,
 When I have pick'd up friends to dine.
 The tavern makes our burthen light ;
 Wine puts our time and care to flight.
 At six (hard case !) they call to pay.
 Where can one go ? I hate the play.

From six till ten ! Unless I sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun.
Loit'ring from room to room I stray;
Converse, but nothing hear or say :
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon ! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite :
Here too our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retards the glass.

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of bus'ness-bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days would fly too fast ;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind ;
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind :
That load from off your spirits shake ;
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read ; and (if you can) attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,

Till recollection set them right ;
For each knew t'other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

Let kings (says he) let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts : What draws their train ?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain ?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold.
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in pow'r hath senates led.
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
Think too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest ?
Penurious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails ;

That beauty too, (like other wares),
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compliance may be sold:
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expose what they call love to sale.
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd),
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But ev'ry real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor pow'r, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love then hath ev'ry blest in store:
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other ev'ry wish they give.
Not to know love, is not to live.

Or love, or money, (Time reply'd),
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: On both intent,
My boon's neglected, or mis-spent,
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me, love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won,
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.

By me all useful arts are gain'd;
 Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd.
 Who then would think, (since such my pow'r),
 That e'er I knew an idle hour?
 So subtile and so swift I fly,
 Love's not more fugitive than I.
 Who hath not heard coquettes complain
 Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
 For time misused they pine and waste,
 And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
 Those who direct their time aright,
 If love or wealth their hopes excite,
 In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
 And both by time have been enjoy'd.
 How heedless then are mortals grown!
 How little is their int'rest known?
 In ev'ry view they ought to mind me;
 For, when once lost, they never find me.

He spoke. The gods no more contest,
 And his superior gift confest;
 That time (when truly understood)
 Is the most precious earthly good,

F A B L E XIV.

*The OWL, the SWAN, the COCK, the SPIDER, the
 Ass, and the FARMER.*

To a MOTHER.

Conversing with your sprightly boys,
 Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.

With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note !

I grant, in body and in mind,
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part ;
Imprint just morals on their heart ;
Impartially their talents scan :
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown ;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent ;
But how precarious is th' event !
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend.
To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expence ;
I've try'd him in the sev'ral arts,
(The lad no doubt hath latent parts) :
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows ;
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone ;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.
Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter ;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter :
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect.

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The boy wants wit ; he's sent to school,
 Where learning but improves the fool :
 The college next must give him parts,
 And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
 Whether he blunders at the bar,
 Or owes his infamy to war ;
 Or if by licence or degree
 The sexton shares the doctor's fee ;
 Or from the pulpit by the hour
 He weekly floods of nonsense pour ;
 We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
 A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons
 Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons :
 In spite of nature, merit, wit,
 Their friends for ev'ry post were fit.

But now let ev'ry muse confess,
 That merit finds its due success.
 Th' examples of our days regard ;
 Where's virtue seen without reward ?
 Distinguish'd and in place you find
 Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.
 Survey the rev'rend bench, and see
 religion, learning, piety :
 The patron, ere he recommends,
 Sees his own image in his friend's.
 Is honesty disgrac'd and poor ?
 What is't to us what was before ?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
 When paltry minions were preferr'd ;
 When all great offices, by dozens,
 Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.

What matter ignorance and pride ?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood ?
In church and state, the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis your's, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blookhead sense.

An owl, of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face.
Not to depretiate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for ev'ry station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,

That laurel was not all his own ;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit ;
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame ; the crouded place
With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir :
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd :
The Afs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage ;
And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.

The Swan (says he) in arms shall shine :
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain :
Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the Spider's sphere :
Pow'r, fortune shall reward him there.

In music's art the As's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name.

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.

Blockhead (says he) by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son :
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind ;
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what t'other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place.
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art ;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part ;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made :
But for the foal, in ev'ry class
The blockhead had appear'd an As.

F A B L E XV.

The COOK-MAID, the TURNSPIT, and the Ox.

To a POOR MAN.

Consider man in ev'ry sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe ?
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'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched: God is just.

I grant, that hunger must be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known.
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though bless'd above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw.
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man, his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are checkt:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on pow'r attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from ev'ry use of wealth,
Envies the plowman's strength and health.
Another in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail ingross?

Canst thou discern another's mind?
Why is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

The dinner must be dish'd at once.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sir-loin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.
Thus said; (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit),
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook.
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves.
The sneaking Cur before her flies:
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

Was ever Cur so curs'd? (he cry'd).
What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! Of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;

And, like a gentleman carest,
 Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.
 Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
 Was his sagacious nostril mine,
 By me, their never-erring guide,
 From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
 Knights, 'Squires attendant on my pace,
 Had shar'd the pleasures of the chace.
 Endu'd with native strength and fire,
 Why call'd I not the lion fire ?
 A lion ! such mean views I scorn.
 Why was I not of woman born ?
 Who dares with Reason's pow'r contend ?
 On man we brutal slaves depend ;
 To him all creatures tribute pay,
 And luxury employs his day.

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
 And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

Dare you at partial Fate repine ?
 How kind's your lot compar'd with mine !
 Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife
 Hath sever'd me from social life ;
 Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
 I drag the cumbrous waggon's load :
 'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
 Break the stiff soil and house the grain ;
 Yet I without a murmur bear
 The various labours of the year.
 But then consider, that one day,
 (Perhaps the hour's not far away),
 You, by the duties of your post,
 Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast ;

And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean shall pick my bones at least.

Till now, th' astonish'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.

How false we judge by what appears!

All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.

If thus yon mighty beast complains,

Perhaps man knows superior pains.

Let envy then no more torment.

Think on the Ox, and learn content.

Thus said; close following at her heel,
With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

F A B L E XVI.

*The RAVENS, the SEXTON, and the EARTH-
WORM,*

To L A U R A.

L A U R A, methinks your over-nice.

True. Flatt'ry is a shocking vice;

Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,

One may commend without disgust.

Am I a privilege deny'd,

Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?

How singular are all your ways!

A woman, and averse to praise!

If 'tis offence such truths to tell,

Why do your merits thus excel?

Since then I dare not speak my mind,
 A truth conspicuous to mankind ;
 Though in full lustre ev'ry grace
 Distinguish your celestial face ;
 Though beauties of inferior ray
 (Like stars before the orb of day)
 Turn pale and fade : I check my lays,
 Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,
 The muse's mortifying strain
 Shall, like a woman, in mere spite
 Set beauty in a moral light.

Though such revenge might shock the ear
 Of many a celebrated fair ;
 I mean that superficial race
 Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face ;
 What's that to you ? I but displease
 Such ever-girlish ears as these.
 Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
 That lasts the same through ev'ry stage.
 Though you by time must suffer more
 Than ever woman lost before ;
 To age is such indiff'rence shown,
 As if your face were not your own.

Were you by Antoninus taught ?
 Or is it native strength of thought,
 That thus, without concern or fright,
 You view yourself by reason's light ?

Those eyes of so divine a ray,
 What are they ? mould'ring, mortal clay.
 Those features, cast in heav'nly mold,
 Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old ;

Like common grafs, the faireft flow'r
Must feel the hoary feafon's pow'r.

How weak, how vain is human pride!
Dares man upon himfelf confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amaffes heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lofe we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can thofe (when tortur'd by difeafe)
Chear our fick heart, or purchafe eafe?
Can thofe prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own,
A flow'r that fades as foon as blown?
What's man in all his boast of fway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through ev'ry branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from duft as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's reftlefs pains?
Can he (worn down in nature's courfe)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the deftin'd hour?

Confider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the fame.
Duft form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then finks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,

Two Ravens sat. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke:

Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The favour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's sneed,
From toil and daily drudg'ry freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat.

A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat, suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
Was ever two such blund'ring fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, says he, learn more respect.
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair hall posselt,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? The meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray:
For sure some diff'rence must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcases (say what we can);
Or where's the dignity of man?

With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.

In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflexion meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their sav'ry words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The ven'son of the prescient brood.

The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean comparifon reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd.
They rail, revile : As often ends
The contest of disputing friends,

Hold, says the fowl ; since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point : For taste may err.

As thus he spoke, from out the mold
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length. They strait agree
To chuse him as their referee ;
So to th' experience of the jaws
Each states the merits of his cause.

He paus'd, and with a solemn tone
Thus made his sage opinion known.

On carcafes of ev'ry kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd ;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed ;
Such small distinction's in the favour,
By turns I chuse the fancy'd flavour.

Yet I must own (that human ~~beast~~)
 A glutton is the ~~rankest~~ ~~feast~~.
 Man, cease this boast ; for human pride
 Hath various tracts to range beside.
 The prince who kept the world in awe,
 The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.
 Then think not that we reptiles share
 Such cates, such elegance of fare ;
 The only true and real good
 Of man was never vermin's food.
 'Tis seated in th' immortal mind ;
 Virtue distinguishes mankind,
 And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
 Mounts with the soul we know not where.
 So, goodman Sexton, since the case
 Appears with such a dubious face,
 To neither I the cause determine ;
 For diff'rent tastes please diff'rent vermin.

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THE END OF VOLUME SECOND.

